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EDITORIAL

As you should be aware, Scarborough College has been passing through a time of crisis since last mid-term. One of these problems was the demise of student communication-in part, the collapse of Balcony Square. The reasons were paucity of staff and financial mismanagement.

On December 2, a group of students resolved to resurrect this paper; here are the results today. Although our future is not entirely assured, we feel that Balcony Square will succeed. A grant of $2000 was awarded for our financing for the remainder of this academic year. We hope that we will be able to return some of that $2000. The New Balcony Square has obtained a competent, professional business manager to handle all monetary and business transactions of the paper. This will leave the actual make-up of the paper as the students' major concern. We have also been investigating a less expensive process for printing. With decreased production costs, increased advertising revenues and efficient management, we optimistically envisage the total self-support of Balcony Square in the not-too-distant future. This would mean journalistic independence for the paper. You can say what you want if you pay your own bills.

But then, we always need student cooperation. This is an earnest appeal to all those (there are some 50 of you) who applied for positions on Balcony Square in September. We will take all comers. Even if you didn't apply but now feel an interest in actively supporting your newspaper, come up to S421 anytime and we will accomodate you.

Anal Assistants

dave aylward
scott bell
bill chandler
leighton mcleod
jackie muskat
richard podgoroski
brook taylor
jean weir
philip yong
richard curren

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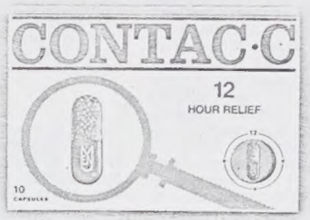

Contac·C cold capsules

THE SQUARE balcony

Published by the Students of Scarborough College

PEOPLE

by Jean Weir

"Come on now people, smile on your brother
Let me see you get togeter
Love one another right now."

Sarcastic, isn't it? If there's one thing we don't have here, it's love, and that hardly needs to be said.

Smile on your brother? Oh come on now, let's not get sickening!

Let's look at what we're doing here. Spending a lot of time, to begin with. Doing the things that will decide what we do for the rest of our lives. Settling into the patterns that will presist for many years. Complaining a lot.

Complaining abot what? Take a minute to listen to each other. You're all complaining about thesame things. You must like complaining, you must like the thing you say you don't, because nobody changes them.

The rhythm of Scarborough is played on a little toy drum. Tinny and shaky, forever faltering, it never fills out into large deep thumps. The sticks are passed from hand to hand, like a miracle someone appears to catch them as they fall from the fingers of the last exhausted player.

Well, why do anything abourit? After all, you'll only be here for 2, or 3, or 4 years. You've already got as heavy a workload as you can carry, there's no time for any "extra-curricular" activities. Besides which those SCSS characters are snobs.

If that's the way it is, no one can fault you. Apathy, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, and there some very good reasons for seeming to be apathetic. There are also some very bad ones, and some excuses. Those aren't my business, they're your's.

It is my business that the place I go to school and spend most of my time is interesting. It is, but not because of people. It it isn't interesting for you, then why not? Look at the people you know, the things you do. If these aren't satisfactory, there are dozens of things to get into, people to meet, ideas to make friends with.

Then again you might like just sitting around complaining.

It isn't necessary that you do anything for the college, or for yourself; nor is it necessary, I suppose, that you even enjoy yourself.

But as one who enjoys meyself and finds life exciting, I shout "What a drag!"

"We are but a moment's sunlight
Fading on the grass
Come on now people, smile on your brothes."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Bell:

The students of this college have been quietly reading your worthless diatribe for the last six weeks. As students most of them have taken at least one social science course. Whether it was anthropology, sociology, political science or economics mattered not, because they learned of systems of systems and of the problems those systems superimposed on those they represented.

Therefore it seemed incongruous that anyone would agree with such juvenile and silly positions as "private ownership of the air", or "poverty is a direct result of not being capitalist", and "altruism has damned man". But it was necessary to at least answer you final analysis to make sure no unsuspecting naive person is trapped by such a philosophy.

Historically you are wrong when you "Egyptian slaves gave their lives for their dead Pharoah", because only free men were allowed to work on the tombs, and did so not for the Pharoah, but for a concept of everlasting life as it affected them a greedy motive. The "French bourgeoisie" were not hated for producing wealth, but they were hated for their role against the monarchy, by a large faction of French society. And Russian stealing is no different from American capitalist stealing no matter how you draw your conclusions.

Your concept of moralty and individuality shows your Western, middle class quasi-intellectual bias. But you have denied the cultural norms of all other societies, as being antagonistic to man's basic greediness. It is time you looked at the whole world of social literature, not from Ayn Rand who has been condemned by almost every social scientist, as being unrealistic, almost as cold and calculating as Adolf Hitler, who after all believed in many of the same "personal" goals.

The incompetents of the poor (third) World are not incompetent but subjugated by a poverty which capitalism induced and which they must try and combat. Mr. Bell, if he were a poor, illiterate, starving person of an underdeveloped country would not be so harsh. He would not even be so if he had lived his life in the slums of Toronto, and been degraded since birth for inferior status.

The "thousands of years of bull-shit" have been part of man's endeavour to bring himself to fruition, to release him from poverty, to build a culture, to be free from fear, hunger, illiteracy and war. To ask for return to greed is to ask to return to animal existance,

I can only close this letter with a quote from Adolf Hitler who said:
"All propaganda has to be popular and has to adapt its spiritual level to the perception of the least intelligent of those towards it intends to direct itself... The great masses of the people will more easily fall victims to a big lie than to a small one."
And it would seem to me that the institution and political movement which comes out with this mindless "big lie" should be defeated as Hitler was.

Michael D. Prue
IV Scarborough

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WORD FROM THE SCIENCE WING

THE GRIEVANCES OF A FIRST YEAR SCIENCE STUDENT

Over the first half of the academic year, any conversation with most science students is invariably concerned with their courses: "I have too much work," "I hte the Prof... he's completely incoherent", "There must certainly be a change", are bits of conversation pieces one hears through the bustling atmosphere of Scarborough College. Some foreign science students have been completely disillusioned about the method of instruction; one foreign student said he thought a university was a place of learning!

What are the things we find fault with? It is unfortunate that most of the profs and instructors are not teachers. Until they realize that their primary duty is to impart knowledge "humanly", in an intelligible and logical pattern without presumption of their students' background (except the very basics of required knowledge in the course) we are going to produce a mediocre system of education. There are some professors who are walking text-books: what we do not need are more text-books, but more 'bridges' to text books. Some professors are found guilty of presenting solid chunks of materials without co-ordinating the subject matter.

There are some professors and instructors who get detached from their students: there is even one who allocated one hour per week for students (which may total up to a few hundred) taking his course! We understand we cannot dominate the professors' time but we can at least have a more decent amount of time for personal contact. Then there is a professor who says there is no need to have more time for his students because they never go to see him anyway. Either he has cleared up all the dobts in his students (no likely!) or he is not reaching out to them. Admittedly, there are professors that are not born teachers but the least they can do is try to be one.

To hide in an illusion that prfessors are any thing but teachers is just another way of not accepting the fact of their very primary existence in the college.

Another complaint lodged by most first year science students is that we have too much work to do. After doing all the reports and assignments we have no time for leisure. Apparently, science students are not expected to at least sample the "simple thing" of life; indulging in extra-curricular activities is almost strictly taboo. Science students are expected to work continuously because their course is a heavy one anyway. Can we add on their enthusiasm by filling with more work? No way!! There's nothing more fatal to enthusiasm than excess work. This is not to say we do not have to work at all.

Some one said, "Those who work under stress are fools and fool themselves". A more reasonable work load can come about if the courses become more integrated and perhaps related to a certain extent. Mathematics is a co-requisite for most first year science courses: very few people see any connection between Math and the courses they are taking.

Perhaps it is the very system in which we are that is taking for granted everyone is going to be thoroughly specialized in that particular field. No exceptions are made for those who would like to gain sufficient background to, say, teach in high school. Surely, there is still room in the college for non-geniuses.

"If you can't cope with your work, quit". This defeatist attitude is shared by most arts students and the instructors in the college. They believe in snipping off the less promising buds of a young stem. The problem is that there are more tarnished blooms than the bright blossoms. Granted that there are a few very bad students but the vast majority would be average or slightly above average students. Should the very few frilliant students profit at our loss? Maybe it is time we recheck our morals.

There are some people running an institution like a university who think that the higher the failure rate, the greater the university (getting into the university is one thing but...). In our college in most science courses, over 60% of the students are weeded out in their first year. How many science students one then pauses to wonder are "put off" by the subject forever. Is this the price we pay for prestige?

How do we make our formal protests? According to a person of authority, we do so by forming pressure groups and lodging protests with the appropriate committee concerned.

Changing from one disinterested professor to another just as disinterested professor is not going to help. A better system would be to have both research and lecturing professors in a science course, each spending more time and effort in his field. A better way of appointing professors would be perhaps to assess their teaching ability. The words of Stephen Leacock still apply "The professor of mathematics is a marvel. You ought to see him explaining trigonometry on the blackboard. You can't understand a word of it."

Any professor who does not want to instruct should not be allowed to do so. As one "old hand" recalls, there was a chemistry professor who confessed he did not want to instruct but had to do so. Everyone would be so much happier if we had more willing teachers for lecturing professors and the atmosphere would be more healthy too.

Ed. Note-Due to overcrowding of the literary section the following article has been omitted from the literary page and placed here. In future were will try to keep all such creative writing in the appropritate section and articles displaying such obvious genius and originality we hope will prompt constructive criticism from both staff and students.

As to the nature of the following article a brief comment on the imagination used. One can only hold in awe the authors originality, what great mind could have dreamed up an Art-Science conflict? Never before has such an idea been used in any university in the world. The signature we also find noteworthy. Who could have invented such a feindishly diabolical pseudonym, for everyone knows no parent in their right mind would have burdened a child with bearing the name Rob James Sci. III throughout their existance. To you Mr., Miss or Mrs., Rob James Sci. III, or whoever you are we salute you.

The Bros.(?) Jame(s)

I The artsies who infest the buses, the sutdy areas, the cafeterias, etc., and shoot their mouths off in some phoney discussion so that everbody can see what frauds they are. Have you ever heard a conversation about dandelions having souls? I have and it made me sick to my stomach. Those jerks remind me of a herd; accomplishing nothing except taking up space

II The morons (probably artsies) responsible for pasting their childish signs all over the walls and windows of this college. Who the hell cares about who's running for King of Sociology anyway. What a lot of shit.

III The snobbish undertones on some of the rubbish printed in this paper. I get the impression that certain writers feel they are super-journalists or something. Big deal. Some of these great literary crusaders, like the ones responsible for that crummy fashion section or the terribly important crap that appears as front page features (eg. "So you call yourself a history student") must spend a lot of time sitting on toilets writing away. Well, it's all very unimpressive except to the mickey-mouse authors.

IV The scabby-looking crows (sometimes called broads) who wear midi-skirts around this place. What a bunch of ugly suckers.

V The men (if I may call them that) who take arts and attempt to equate their watered down bull shit courses to mine. Arts is for girls. I'll never forget the broad who once said to me; "I'd rathe have advanced crotch-rot than make love to an artsie." I guess she just about summed up the whole problem with this place--artsies who think they deserve respect for being artsies.

Rob James SCI III

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE
SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE

GENERAL INQUIRY
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COURSE CHANGES AND WITHDRAWAL

ADDING COURSES

YOU MAY ENROL IN A SPRING TERM HALF-COURSE UP TO AND INCLUDING 1st FEBRUARY, 1971.

N.B. YOU MAY NOT ENROL IN MORE THAN SIX COURSES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR. E.G. If you are enrolled in six courses (five regular courses and one full course clearing a condition), and you have failed a Fall term half-course, you may not enrol in a Spring term half-course to clear your Fall term half-course failure. This failure will have to be cleared next session.

WITHDRAWING FROM COURSES

YOU MAY DROP EITHER AN EXTRA SPRING TERM HALF-COURSE OR AN EXTRA FULL YEAR COURSE UP TO AND INCLUDING 15th FEBRUARY, 1971 WITHOUT INCURRING ACADEMIC PENALTY.

N.B. YOU MAY NOT BE ENROLLED IN LESS THAN FIVE COURSES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR AS A FULL-TIME STUDENT.

THE LAST DAY FOR TRANSFERRING FROM FULL-TIME TO PART-STUDIES IS 15th FEBRUARY, 1971.

THE LAST DAY FOR WITHDRAWING FROM THE COLLEGE WITHOUT ACADEMIC PENALTY IS 15th FEBRUARY, 1971.

ENTERTAINMENT

ARTIST: GEORGE HARRISON
TITLE: ALL THINGS MUST PASS
LABEL AND NUMBER: APPLE STCH 639

SIDE ONE AND TWO

George Harrison has not produced one of the best albums of the year. He has perhaps produced one of the most interesting.

The presence of such notables as Eric Clapton, Bobby Whitlock and others have not contributed to the album greatly. The most essential contributions have been made by less noticeable names in the credits.

Phil Spector the co-producer of the album is one of these people. Bob Dylan is definetly one. Pete Drake is possibly one.

Bob Dylan is the co-author of the first song and the author of another. He has left a heavy hand-print on the work of Harrison.

"I Have You Anytime" is the first song. It asks "Let me in here." Harrison is obviously following the format of John Wesley Harding, Dylan's first personal work. It is appropriate and reassuring to see Harrison take the same road at this time in his career. It is appropriate in that he is declaring his position and his direction. It is reassuring to know that he is his own man.

"If Not For You" is the Dylan song. Harrison sings in the Dylan style. The arrangement is in the Dylan style. Harrison even sounds like Dylan. It is very encouraging to see him follow Dylan, to see his integrity is still intact.

The same Dylan influences appear elsewhere in the music. There is the economy of the lyric in "Isn't It A Pity". There is simplicity in the arrangement of "Behind That Locked Door". There is the steel pedal guitar of Pete Drake, a constant accompaniest of Dylan.

Dylan has not swamped Harrison, he has merely put him on the right road. Harthe same ideas but with the help of Dylan has a good vehicle to express them in. Simplicity and clarity are essential in the beginning, for the establishment of ideas and for greater facility in their expression later.

Phil Specor is the other influence on the work. His influence though is degradory. Famous for the "Wall of Sound" effect of such people as the Righteous Brothers, he has taken the simple songs of Harrison in a lot of cases and overarranged them.

As a result songs like "Isn't a Pity" and "Let it Down" with a relatively simple base are blown up into epic proportions and part of them is lost.

In the case of "My Sweet Lord" the lengthening adds to the devotional quality of the song, much as the length was a beneficial factor in "Hey Jude".

What should be the proinant factor in the songs, the lyrics, has been lost in the great length. In the case of this album it is a substantial loss for Harrison has written some beautiful lyrics. The simplicity of the lyrics is the major source of merit and in most cases he should have avoided big arrangements in favour of those which were more quiet and less complex.

There are problems which cannot be traced to any source save Harrison himself.

There are definite incongruities in the material of the album: "Wah-Wah" and "What is Life?" both stand out for their qualities of bad, cheap rock and roll arrangements. Neither song is done in a traditional rock and roll treatment but rather in the commercial rock and roll of bars and night clubs.

All the material of the first album centers around the theme of the love arrangement. "Wah-wah" is a rock and roll spoof and cna be viewed as a survey of the love situation as portrayed in old rock and roll songs. Even in this context it seems out of place and the poorness of the effort takes away considerably from the effect desired.

"What is Life" cannot be put into this category. It is not logical for Harrison to put in two efforts of the same vein. "What is Life" can only be viewed as a very poor rock ballad and as such becomes very notably incongruous to the rest of the album.

The first album of the three shows great promise for the rest of Harrison's independent work. He establishes his direction early and competently. He is not over eager but at the same time falls into definite pit falls. The overall impression however is good.

ARTIST: JOHN LENNON
LABEL AND NUMBER: APPLE SW 3372

It is fitting that three members of the Beatles should release their solo efforts almost simultaneously, all of them aligning their new positions, in their differences saying good-bye to the old union.

Lennon has taken his share of the creation and destroyed it. The only thing he nas kept are a few of the musical techniques which probably belonged to him anyway.

Lennon's album starts out very personal. It appears to be a new beginning. The first song concerns his parents, his childhood. At the end is an intentional but subdued plea not to follow the same path.

And so the album goes but it does not become a deeper introspections into John Lennon but rather a more affirmative and finally dictatorial relating of personal opinion and chart of moral guidance.

Lennon runs a full course of cocktail hour subjects: love, god, isolation. He seems only to have forgotten politics.

Lennon nas become a cynic. He has lived life, now knows everything and has become a spring from whcih the truth will henceforward exclusively flow.

The world has caused him pain but he has graciously forgiven us because we are only "human".

The music is non-descript and scant. In sympathy with Lennon's approach there is a cheap theatrical bomb blast at the end of "Remember".

Lennon has narrowed his horizons of interest to include only himself and his wife.

On a survey of the content of the album one considers if it is really plausible to say there has been a loss.

DRIVE
TITLE: BRIEF REPLIES
LABEL & NUMBER: PO-LYDOR ? 2425-022

Brief Replies opens with a number called Morning Much Better. The rhythm of the band is strong, the arrangement is good and the lead singer Genya Ravan is captured in one of her more inoffensive moments.

Since Grace Slick and Janis Joplin were both appointed the best of the female rock singers there have been many pretenders to their thrones. Lydia Pense of C.K. Strong was one, Tracy Nelson of Mother Earth is another. Perhaps the most notorious though has to be Genya Ravan, who with her nine peice band most closely tried to copy Joplin's life style. She is perhaps the most miserable failure.

Genya Ravans has no voice, no phrasing, no range. She also does not have the ability to put across the guts and life as did Joplin. About the only thing that Joplin and Ravan have in common is boobs and even in that department Genya Ravan is sadly lacking.

In my opinion, and this must be taken out of context because a reviewer is always supposed to write in the third person, it is sacrilege to hear Genya Ravan do Stay With Me in the tradition of Maybe, by Joplin.

About the only time that Genya Ravan does show any kind of merit is in Come Live With Me. It is he only attempt at her own vocal style but the amount of studio doctoring obvious on the cut only serves to re-affirm her lack of talent.

Her band has merits. In most instances though these merits have been misdirected or else covered up. Too often the horn section is limited in their efforts to playing short licks behind the "powerful" voice of Genya Ravan.

It is sad that these musicians , who appear through their limited solo time to have jazz training, are so limited and that the rock members of the band dominate the music. It would seem that a much more profitable arrangement, musicwise, could be made.

In the hands of the rock musicians, namely Michael Zager (guitar) and Aram Schefrin (organ) who write almost all the groups material, all the songs are centered aroung one dominant rhythm, one beat. The music is too straightforward, there is no intricacy involved, the arrangements are bland.

Dave Leibman shows exceptional merit when he overcomes the simplicity of the music and coes on to better things in his solos.

Ten Wheel Drive is a sad band. Like Mother Earth they think they have a good singer and as a result they build the music around her. Genya Ravan is not good and as a result the music is not good.

LITERARY SECTION

The new Balcony Square is starting a Literary Section open to all persons in the college who wish to submit poems, short stories, etc. for publication. In some cases we hope that English profs will write comments about the work, and creative writing in general. We are also seeking sketches that may be used as backgrounds for the section. Please bring all contributions to Captain Morgan, Balcony Square office, Room S-214.

ARTIST: TONY WILLAIMS LIFE TIME

TITLE: EMERGENCY

LABEL AND NUMBER: POLYDOR 542.126/127

Ralph Geason proclaims that Tony Williams is one of the most inventive percussionists of his time. I am very incline to agree with Ralph Gleason.

Formerly with Miles Davis, Williams is experimenting with some of his own ideas. For these purposes he has gathered around him Larry Young (organ) and John McLaughlin (guitar) to make a tightly working trio.

At the basis of all the pieces on the album there is Williams with the driving force of the piece. His work is truly amazing. The only drawback though is that of work that Williams is doing and the format in which he chooses to work demand terrific bonds between the musicians. This musical type of bond takes time to develop and Williams music will have to wait for that bond and travel at its pace and not his own.

Williams is often too dominant. He is the leader of the band and as a result the others must follow him. When the direction Williams proposes is not clear then the others cannot follow effectively and often the lead er is left to himself.

Both Young and McLaughlin are more than competant musicians but the kind

Nevertheless, Williams' music still has much to offer in a spiritual context as well as a musical one.

ARTIST: FRANK ZAPPA
TITLE: CHUNGA'S REVENGE
LABEL & NUMBER: BIZ ZARE2030

Frank Zappa's latest album is another accumulation of material, recorded in various sources, and released for the purpose of financial profit. The album is not a unit, it is merely a collection.

In his concert in Toronto, half is devoted to the ludicrous tradition that the Mothers have developed and the other half is devoted to the serious musical work of Zappa. Money has run short on the various projects he is working on and Zappa knows that he must keep his audience in order to keep his revenue up.

As a result we have "Would you go all the way for the U.S.O.", "Rudy wants to buy yez a drink" and "When yer feeling real low and the band's playing nothin' but shit." The music isn't bad but the circumstances which force it make depressing for a musician of Zappa's stature.

Zappa's derious work is also somewhat restrected. Ian Underwood's alto sax with the wah-wah is mild compared to early nonstructured works like Lumpy gravy.

Zappa has always despised commercialism in music but he has been forced into a situation where he must consider the "commercial potential" of his music.

The music is low-key. It has a general lack of energy. The circumstances of the production are the most probable cause.

Nevertheless the music is still Zappa product and Zappa product is better than a lot of people are producing.

So kids, Big Frank says, "Go out and buy that album. Be the first on your block to own it and Frank will send you a perally autographed, 8 by 10 glossy banana with matching comb and brush set valued at $7.95." See your local grocer for details. Don't be discouraged there will undoubtedly be more and better (new and improved) Zappa coming to a store near you.

Student Politicians

by Brook Taylor

In the forefront of the critical activism the members of Universities and Colleges have a growing role. Some of this criticism has been dogmatic and rhetorical, but a large portion of it has been penetrating, if not constructive. Thus when I ventured forth to join this glorious sanctum of thought, I did so under the impression that I would be joining perceptive group of mature individuals. I, of course, did not hope to find an Utopia, mere ly a collection of individual ideas in a tolerant community.

I am afraid that, like most first year students, my illusions were destined to be shattered before the Christmas break. It is amazing to observe the attitude of the entirecollege. Of course everyone harps on student apathy--it is the most obvious failure of student politics. However, if one can examine the issues raised in our college, without falling asleep, one can see the reason for such apathy. Who gives a shit, is about the only reaction one can muster before our mediocrity. Endless committees haunt our halls--no one ever seems to know what their purpose is nor can work up the ambition to find out.

The student politicians themselves appear to be either very thin-skinned or sympathy seekers. It is clear that when you take on a position of responsibility that criticism, both constructive and slanderous, will be hurled at you. This is a hazard of the job, especially so in a university where criticism is a profession and a pastime. He must count upon the possibility of student apathy stunting many of his plans. Replacing this apathy with interest, even if it is negative, becomes one of the student politicians's major jobs. Rather than awakening this dead weight, we find it is ignored, thus perpetuating and increasing apathy.

All works bog down in squabbles among the few who take on the burden of these admittedly thankless jobs. The result is an endless stream of resignatin. Instead of attacking the problems they resign. It is their right to do so, and it happens in everyday politics. However, it is the exception rather than the rule outside university and the reverse inside. One resignation seems to cause a stream of resignations. The paper Balcony Square is no exception, and the result is confusion and the growth of senseless antagonisms between staff. One is never sure if 'X' is on speaking terms with 'Y' this week, and if they aren't talking you can expect the opposite the following week. This sounds like habits picked up from my twelve year old sister and or girlfriends.

I could put up with this garbage for a time and find it amusing if it weren't for the fact that it undermines any criticism put forth by this school. Why should anyone listen to a group that messes their own affairs.

It has reached the point at which the only result this article will have is that the day after publication there will be a few less people talking to me.

Together we could be so strong

HELP!
BALCONY
SQUARE

PROSE & POETRY

Looking Out From Within

I. As I sit in my crystal cocoon of solitude
I look and try to perceive reality
Pitiless, endless, dark diverging,
mindless people lives converging
One great bulky working mass
Joyless, weary humdrum
lives you lead
Have you a soul?
Beneath your hollow facade of marble.

II. You, capitalist businessman, finance paper
in hand
Did you see the spiders' web in the corner
You, overweight, passive woman within 4 walls,
Did you see that starving puppy in the street
last night?
You, radicalist, socialist, Marxist, placard upraised
Where were you when the old man died, bottle in hand.

III. Buses shuffle to the place
What has become of the human race
Touching, reaching, climbing, yearning
But why I ask?
And again I see the menagerie of looks
of breathless wonder

IV. Smells of the street, valueless, vile
Damp fog, oil, brown earth, wet paint
Scents of greed, scents of taint
Who sees them, but the cat & me
In the endless sea of misery

V. Remember the time Bill
We walked thru' the musky forest
There was life in the land
no one knew Bill
But you ... & me

VI. Let us gather together both you & me
And away we will go to the beautiful sea
Away from this life & its misery
Away in my crystal cocoon.

--Joanie Robertson

Cybele is Blue

Cybele in frame
in black or in red,
Cybele is living
she'll never be dead.

Cybele in purple
in pink or in mauve,
Cybele is world
Cybele is love.

Cybele in water
on earth or in space,
Cybele in satin
or velvet and lace.

Cybele is lovely
no matter what hue,
I've seen her in everything
But never in blue.

--L. McLeod

The Snowflakes Hurt Me

The snowflakes hurt me
as they fall upon my shoulders and hair
Snowflakes and pain go together
like dirty laughs and old men
but who cares?
So I kick the hell out of the slush
under my feet
and it, in turn, bruises the buildings
as I walk in pain, thinking
Thinking about what?
Tinfoil ashtrays and this poem
But this is the worst poem you have ever written
an all-time low
and tinfoil ashtrays are not the best things
that have ever occupied a mind
But my mind is also occupied by poisoned thoughts
just as France was occupied
by the Nazis
and the Nazis were occupied
by poisoned thoughts
a circular instrument
a circular mind
a circular poem
because the snowflakes hurt me
as they fall upon my shoulders and hair

--K. Stevens

Wind In The Chimney

Cybele come to me
and tell me your fears
The days of your laughter
the nights of your tears.
We sit by the fireplace
drinking our tea,
The moon out our window
entangled in trees.
The wind in the chimney
has roots in the north,
To let me surround you
and seal you with warmth.
And with all the security
you'll ever desire
Let's love 'till the morning sun
replaces our fire.

--L. McLeod

Word From Spiro

As to the reputed apathetic nature or attitude of the students of this fair college: this is just not the case, the students really do care about their college. They really get into all the functions and activities, they fully support their student council in all its endeavours as is illustrated by their ardent participation in and on the various committees, they really care whether we get residences (just look at all the construction progress due to student protests) they do care whether we have a newspaper (look at the flocks of eager faces willing to commit themselves to starting a new one) they do find the college fills their needs around the clock (see the crowds here in the evening) they do seriously care about the future of the college in relation to the rest of the U of T monster (look at the proud way they declare themselves students of first and foremost Scarborough College then part of U. of T.) finally they do above all look like interesting, interested human beings enjoying their university careers and making the most of what they have (look at the bright expression on every one of their faces and their enthusiastic manner).,

SCAR. NEWSCAP

by Scott Bell

Thurs. Nov. 12: About 2000 copies of Balcony Square were mysteriously stolen from the distribution stands. They have not been seen since. We've one-upped the Varsity: they were only censored, we were subverted. What did we do right?

Fri. Nov. 13: Long-time Balcony Square editor, Paul Scrivener, gave notice of his resignation after being blasted by Carmen Palumbo (our Pres-i-dent) for failure to maintain sigle-handedly, sufficienct staff, for not getting enough advertising and not economising properly.

Thurs. Nov. 19: Quetico Park Forum. A jammed meeting place saw University members unaimously approve a moratorium on logging in all provincially-owned parks. Almost without exception, all agreed that the government has no right to operate logging industries in public parks, much less those that end up costing taxpayers a net loss of money-as does Quetico. Sympathy was expressed for Mr. Charlton, the civil-servant sent as sacrificial lamb by the government to represent their position. He was obviously unwilling in his views.

Wed. Dec. 2: A meeting to save Balcony Square took place from 2-5 pm., in which about 10 students decided to pick this paper up off the floor and get it going again.

Fri. Dec. 4: Dance at the college featuring Whiskey Howl and Edward & Harding. The dance was marred however, by the hundreds of high school kids largely from West Hill, who were allowed in. They acted like children at a Saturday afternoon matinee and most of the university people there were quite angry. It was particularly bad when the folk-singers had to request silence from the children about three times-and never got it.

Mon. Dec. 7: Balcony Square secured the services of Mr. Joey Shulman to take over the reins of Business manager for the paper, thus freeing the student staff to the purposes of writing a newspaper.

Wed. Dec. 9: Gay Power Forum. A moderately full meeting place beared through just over an hour of disappointingly boring talk by Charles Hill of the U of T Homophile Association. Matters weren't helped any by the poor sound system as many of the comments were lost to a large portion of the audience. One of Mr. Hill's main points was that homosexuality is not abnormal, that man is first and foremost a sexual animal and that homosexuality has existed side by side with heterosexuality since creation. Homosexuality therefore, is only one variant of sexual activity. Hill also made the statements that 46% of all males encounter a homosexual experience at least once in their lives, and that the reason there seem to be fewer lesbians (than male homosexuals) is only because many more homosexual women remain chaste throught their lives instead of actively carrying out their sexual desires.

Wed. Dec. 16: That controversial article about "the dim future of Scarborough College" appeared on page two of the Varsity. Despite the authenticity of many of the statements by Mr. Hamilton, those of us at Balcony Square are optimistic about the future. And as for Balcony Square itself-here we are Mr. Hamilton, back in the black and white.

Fri. Dec. 18: LAST DAY! and was it great. Many people stayed the day right through. The quite decent Variety Show began arond 3.30 pm. Following the show was dinner in the dining room. The fare was some delicious Chinese and Indian foods including curry chicken and roti.

But the dance that followed was the big finale. It was just about the best dance held at Scarborough-ever. There were three reasons why: 1- The Cougars, a talented and versatile group 2-the spirit of the occasion 3-the packed meeting place of wholly university people; there were no high school kids in sight.

The bar served some really delicious punch and there was lots of beer and soft drinks to go around. It ended at 1.00 am., with almost as many there as when the evening began.

Dec. 25: NORAD command was thrown into a security red alert early this morning when a UFO crossed the DEW line miraculously avoiding several anti-missile missiles. Chief General Halftrack finally got the message when a barbie doll was parachuted into the maximum-security compound just outside of Denver Colorado, whereupon the state of emergency was cancelled.

P.S. On Dec. 27, Gen. Halftrack was arrested by the FBI for possession gf heroine.-Good work Santa!

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DIATRIBE

RED TAPE

by Jean Weir

Being a "sciency", I am, according to Rob James, superior, and according to artsies incapable of creative thought. Where does that get us? Nowhere yet, keep reading. Well, science students can think creatively, but unfortunately have to think about something.

This is in contrast to arts students who have an advantage in being able to think about nothing, in fact really dedicated arts students can occasionally think through several Nothings before breakfast.

However, to forge onwards in this incredibly dull article, and having nothing to do over the holidays except 3 1/2 months homework, 13 lab reports and 9 books to read, I conducted an investigation into the peculiar phenomenon called Red Tape.

It seems nowadays that everywhere one goes, this insipid menace has penetrated. Lately it has even been found in some of the dark corners and backwaters of our hallowed institution eg. the SCSS office, the registrar's office, and a particularly large amount has been discovered in Principal Plumpte's office, where it has been occupying valuable floor space and hampering movements through the office.

Red Tape has been identified as the common phenomenon "Advancus obstrucus from the more primitive form "Elderis authoritus". It seems to be related to "Politicus promisus" but common ancestry has not been verified as yet.

Red Tape grows best in damp, dark, places, but can thrive in practically all habitats. This I found out by finding it proliferating in Toronto's Harbour (Commission) which cannot support any other form of life known to man.

Red Tape spreads by microscopic particles produced in September. These devo-- These develop from a union of two different strands of tape. Favourite matin grounds are the Registrar's office, where Scarborough and Toronto individuals can meet and mate (among other places).

The adult tape is red in colour, and absorbs its nutients through vegetative outgrowths. These outgrowths are hard to dislodge from file drawers, computers and committee minutes. Their main body is easily removed from desk tops, and in-out shelves, into adjacent pails.

The largest problem with Red Tape is that although the exterior bodies are easy to obliterate, the roots, nestled in dark corners, will regenerate infinitely. Also, there is no known limit to it's rapid growth, so that in a short time it can inundate an entire office suite.

If you are trying to destroy a patch of Red Tape, you must be sure to pull out all the roots. Caution must be exercised, as it has been known to fight back.

Some people are quite proud of rather fine culture of the specimen they have raised, and extreme care must be used in dealing with the specimens, unless one wishes to contract a bad case of Black List.

Stay tuned next week for lab test.

by Dave Aylward

It's good of you, dear reader, to even look at an article this length let alone consider reading it and seeing as how you've shown yourself to be mad by getting this far you might as well finish it.

If life at this college isn't living up to your expectations it's your own fucking fault. This is a nine to five institution. So what's the matter with that? At least you could use it while you're here. Your parents paid for it, they want you to get their money's worth out of it, not just big ass from sitting around lecture halls and the Meeting Place.

You say there's nothing to do. Bull shit! We've got one of the best cafeteria traying hills in the land (the administration was good enough to remove the big tree at the bottom so you can run into all the little ones.

It's surprising what you can hear and learn in the newspaper office, it's right beside the student council office (where the walls are very thin) and whose inhabitants have enormously big mouths when together but to the students masses (?) they are surprisingly tight lipped.

Ah, the student council, now there's a freak of nature. There's a couple of seats vacant, like the presidency. Wouldn't you like to be in command of a multimillion dollar corporation like Scarborough College with such an enthusiastic group as yourselves as its inhabitants (what a power trip). So get your buddies together and take over. Politics not "your bag"?, okay. Try the coffee shop, what a drag, eh? Why not work for it or sing in it or take off your clothes and jump in a pile (of naked people

Scarborough College needs a good burlesque (fuck you Womens Lib).

Cinescar has almost gone commercial and makes a profit. Why not join and find out where the bread goes?

There buses look like the buses prisons use to take the prisoners on a tour if they've been good. Why not paint them? The walls look like the inside of the prison; paint them (have your own art work up on display). The principle looks like the warden, paint him, the security guards look like the prison guards, paint them. (Say maybe this is a prison).

Join Radio Varsity, you could start broadcasting and say hi to the gang out here if Prof. Blair hasn't taken it upon himself to take out the remaining speakers.

The committees all need more student representation. The same people serve on all of them. Same fucking people, same fucking ideas, same fucking no action.

A pub, you want a pub? Start one, it just takes a little work.

Dances and other social functions are a drag-no liquor-no people- come to them then there'll be people. Set up a bar; you can get a liquor licence for a night. Reported at the dance with Whiskey Howl and Edward and Harding were a bunch of local high school kids making a lot of noise having a "good time", How come they can have a good time and you can't? Because they were there, right? So kick the mung out of them if you get your jollies that way.

University life is no great shit anywhere else and probably a lot worse even at the mighty St. George campus. Specifically a letter in the New College "New Free Press" illustrates the general atmosphere very well. It begins:

"Dear Sir:

May I congratulate the members of New College on being the most incredibly apathetic bunch of students in the whole university.

(This honour I got the impression had unanimously been bestowed on Scarborough College students.)

About residences he goes on to say:

"Guys on the same floor as you-how often do you say hello to them. It's a great way to get to know people and half the purpose of university is to get to know people. I find tht down here there is no room for individuality all must be stereotyped. I find they are unwilling to get involved, claiming they can't afford the time, yet these sam people turn around and say nothing interesting is organized by "New College".

Could not this very letter apply to Scarborough College? Yet it comes from the glorious downtown campus "where it's at". Vic College is the same, people know about 4 1/2 othe people because they're so busy running from building to building.

Out of town universities sound great but they're not that shit hot. It sounds fantastic: Ritchie Havens at Waterloo, Paul Butterfield at Western. But these places have to put on the events tokeepthe people there happy. "All work and no play makes Lofcadio Grossmeyer a dull boy" or something like that. And these extravaganzas are fewer and farther between than people think. U of T, and least of all Scarborough College doesn't have to do this because the city of Toronto provides enough attractions to students (not forgetting the U of T reputation as the national pride and jy of academia.)

Anyway the college does pay $10 for students to show high school kids around. I'm not suggesting you go and lead a tour. I'm suggesting you join one and find out just what the college has to offer.